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Rehearsal Script Prog Ident No: 1/LDL 140R

"DOCTOR WHO"

SERIAL 6K

'THE RETURN'

by

Eric Saward

EPISODE ONE

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FILM REHEARSAL: 31st December: am

FILMING: 4th & 5th January, 1983

OUTSIDE REHEARSAL: 6th - 14th January
19th - 28th January, 1983

CAMERA REHEARSAL & RECORDING: 16th, 17th & 18th January,
30th, 31st January & 1st February

TRANSMISSION: 7th in TX order (Date tbc)

NB: DUE TO SUNDAY STUDIO - SATURDAYS ARE THE OFFICIAL DAYS OFF

"DOCTOR WHO" SERIAL 6K - EPISODE 1: 'The Return'

CAST:

THE DOCTOR
TEGAN
TURLOUGH
STIEN
LYTTON
GALLOWAY
FIRST TROOPER
OSBORN
MERCER
STYLES
SUPREME DALEK
FIRST DALEK
FIRST CREWMAN
PROFESSOR LAIRD
COLONEL ARCHER
SERGEANT CALDER
DAVROS

N/S:

TWO POLICEMEN
TWO SOLDIERS
TROOPERS
CREWMEMBERS
DALEKS
ELDERLY MAN
ESCAPEES

* * * * *

SETS:

Space Station Composite:
Bridge
Corridor/airlock
Laboratory
Davros' Prison

Warehouse

"DOCTOR WHO" SERIAL 6K - EPISODE 1: 'The Return'

SETS: (cont)

Space Ship Composite:
Corridor/airlock
Reception Area
Bridge

* * * * *

TELECINE:

Wapping High Street
Wapping Pierhead

* * * * *

"DOCTOR WHO"

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EPISODE ONE

TELECINE 1:

Ext. Wapping High Street.
Day.

The year is 1983. It is a dull, cheerless winters morning.

The Victorian warehouses loom large, bleak and forboding.

Drab and shabby, like the street itself. An ELDERLY MAN shuffles into view.

As the MAN passes the entrance to one of the warehouses, its main door is thrown and we see a terrified man standing in its opening.

This is GALLOWAY. He is a tall, lean man in his middle thirties with short, cropped hair. He is wearing a skin-tight cat suit, which is somewhat the worse for wear. On his sleeves and shoulders are insignias of some sort. His face is unshaven displaying several days of growth.

GALLOWAY is from the year 2059. In his own time he is a security officer at a military establishment.

As GALLOWAY stands in the door way looking up and down the street he is joined by STIEN.

STIEN is in his early thirties, round and rather overweight. He wears the tattered uniform of a futuristic soldier. His hair is longer than Galloways and would, under more agreeable circumstances, appear cuddly and friendly.

STIEN: (OUT OF BREATH) Which way?

GALLOWAY: Does it matter? (cont...)

They run off in the direction of the shabby, old man, who is watching agog.

STIEN and GALLOWAY have no sooner left the warehouse, then several other men appear at the door, their appearance equally as unkept, their manner painfully desperate.

The MEN are dressed in various costume, some futuristic, others 20th Century military. All their clothing is the worst for wear.

The MEN look frantically up and down the street, decide which way they want to run and make off in their various directions.

They, too, have no sooner gone then LYTTON appears in the doorway.

LYTTON is in his early thirties, a fit, mean-looking man, every inch the professional, combat trained soldier we later learn he is.

He is dressed in the uniform of 1983 a river policeman.

Behind him are TWO MORE POLICEMEN dressed as uniformed constables.

LYTTON and the other policemen steps into the street.

As they do, they withdraw from behind their backs, machine pistols, fitted with silencers.

Note: The transition from friendly London bobbies, chasing villains to armed assassins, should be as strong as possible.

LYTTON signals and the TWO POLICEMEN open fire, the unarmed men being gunned down as they run.

The ELDERLY MAN, we saw at the beginning of the scene is also killed.

Ext. A Side Street. Day.

Terrified, GALLOWAY and STIEN crouch behind a car, the muted gun fire loud and exaggerated in their ears.

Ext. Wapping High Street. Day.

The last fleeing man is shot. He collapses, sprawling on the ground.

LYTTON removes a small box from inside his jacket.

The ARMED POLICEMEN, relaxed and unconcerned by their atrocity, hand their machine pistols to LYTTON.

LYTTON operates switches on the box and both he and the massacred victims slowly fade from view, leaving the street empty but for TWO UNIFORMED CONSTABLES.

The TWO POLICEMEN turn in the opposite direction to the one taken by STIEN and GALLOWAY and walk off as though on their beat.

Ext. Side Street. Day.

GALLOWAY slips from behind the car and makes his way into Wapping High Street, cautiously advancing, using parked cars as cover.

STIEN watches Galloway's progress, the expression on his face seeming to will him to proceed carefully.

From GALLOWAY'S POV we see that Wapping High Street is bleak and empty. The POLICEMEN have gone.

GALLOWAY stands up, beckoning STIEN to join him.

Apprehensively, STIEN obeys.

GALLOWAY: They've gone.

STIEN is confused.

STIEN: Where?

1. SPACE (MODEL).

(A HUGE BATTLE CRUISER MOVES THROUGH SPACE.

IT IS STREAMLINED, HIGHLY FUNCTIONAL AND BUILT FOR WAR.

LIKE SO MANY WAR MACHINES, IT HAS A CERTAIN GRACE, BEAUTY AND STYLE, WHICH, IN AN ODD WAY, ADDS TO ITS MENACE)

2. INT. SPACE SHIP. RECEPTION AREA.

(LYTTON SLOTS THE MACHINE PISTOLS INTO A RACK. HE THEN REMOVES HIS POLICEMAN'S JACKET.

BEHIND HIM, THE SLAUGHTERED BODIES ARE BEING CARRIED FROM THE ENTRANCE OF THE TIME CORRIDOR BY LYTTON'S TROOPERS.

THEY ARE DRESSED IN A VERY FUNCTIONAL FUTURISTIC SOLDIERS UNIFORM, POSSIBLY BLACK, BUT QUITE DIFFERENT FROM STIEN'S AND ARE ARMED WITH LASER RIFLES.

THE YEAR IS 4590 AD.

WE LEARN LATER THAT THIS IS A DALEK BATTLE CRUISER.

THERE IS NOTHING FUSSY OR EXTRAVAGANT ABOUT THE SHIP IN ANY WAY AT ALL. IT IS VERY MUCH A WAR SHIP BUILT ON DALEK, SPARTAN LINES.

LYTTON FLINGS HIS POLICEMAN'S JACKET ONTO THE FLOOR. HE IS IN A FURIOUS MOOD.

FIRST TROOPER, WHO HAS BEEN STANDING ALONG SIDE LYTTON, HANDS HIM HIS TUNIC JACKET.

THIS LYTTON SNATCHES AND STARTS TO SLIP IT ON.

WITH FIRST TROOPER IN TOW, LYTTON EXITS FROM THE RECEPTION AREA.

(Note: on Time Corridor. This is simply a form of transport that allows the traveller to move through both time and space from one point to another.

At the moment it connects the Dalek ship in the year 4590 AD to Wapping High Street in the year 1983))

3. INT. SPACE SHIP. CORRIDOR.

(LYTTON WALKS ALONG THE CORRIDOR, FASTENING HIS TUNIC JACKET)

LYTTON: That was a shambles!

FIRST TROOPER: The escape was prevented.

LYTTON: They got out of the warehouse. It should never have happened. And who ordered the use of machine pistols?

FIRST TROOPER: Standing orders. Nothing anachronistic is to be taken to Earth.

LYTTON: So instead we slaughter valuable specimens. Next time stun lasers are to be used.

FIRST TROOPER: (COWED) The men were briefed. It was an unfortunate mistake.

(LYTTON STOPS AND TURNS ON THE FIRST TROOPER)

LYTTON: Make it your last... Otherwise the next execution squad may be coming for you.

(LYTTON WALKS OFF,
THE FIRST TROOPER
GLARING AFTER
HIM)

4. INT. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM.

(THE DOCTOR, TEGAN AND TURLOUGH ARE STRUGGLING, AT THE CONSOLE IN A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO REGAIN CONTROL OF THE TARDIS.

SUDDENLY THERE IS A NASTY JOLT AND TEGAN AND TURLOUGH ARE SENT HURTLING ACROSS THE ROOM, TURLOUGH CRASHING INTO THE WALL.

THE DOCTOR IS ABLE TO CLING ONTO THE CONSOLE AND CONTINUES TO MANIPULATE THE CONTROLS.

THE TARDIS STABILISES A LITTLE.

TEGAN SCRAMBLES ACROSS THE FLOOR TO THE PARTIALLY STUNNED TURLOUGH)

THE DOCTOR: I can't free the Tardis from the Time Corridor.

(SUDDENLY THE TARDIS LURCHES AGAIN)

TEGAN: Isn't there anything you can do?

THE DOCTOR: There's too much turbulence. Just hang on. Things must stabilise soon.

(THE TARDIS LURCHES
AGAIN AND
THIS TIME THE
DOCTOR IS FLUNG
ACROSS THE ROOM)

TELECINE 2:

Ext. Wapping High Street. Day.

Outside the warehouse, from where STIEN and GALLOWAY escaped, GALLOWAY gingerly presses against its main door.

A yard or two away is STIEN.

Under the pressure from GALLOWAY'S HAND, the warehouse door slowly creaks open.

GALLOWAY pauses, staring into the gloom.

GALLOWAY'S POV: Plain stone steps dimly lit.

GALLOWAY turns to STIEN.

STIEN: What if they're still in there - waiting?

GALLOWAY: We must warn our own people.

STIEN: (TERRIFIED) Use the Time Corridor?

GALLOWAY: You said you were a soldier. Have you no sense of loyality?

STIEN: I'm a quartermaster sergeant. I'm not combat trained. I can't afford your sort of principles. (INDICATING HIMSELF) I'm fat! I can't even run properly.

GALLOWAY: You're pathetic.

GALLOWAY enters the warehouse.

STIEN: (MUTTERS SADLY) That, too.

STIEN also enters the warehouse.

HOLD THE SHOT:
In the distance we see the TWO POLICEMEN patrolling.

NOTE:

ACCESS TO ALIEN ARTEFACT LEVEL IS ONLY VIA THE TIME CORRIDOR LEVEL.

DIRECT ACCESS FROM THE STREET IS NOT POSSIBLE

5. INT. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM.

(THINGS HAVE SETTLED DOWN A LITTLE.

THE DOCTOR, TEGAN AND TURLOUGH ARE BACK AT THE CONSOLE, ALTHOUGH THE TARDIS IS STILL SUBJECT TO THE ODD BUFFET.

TURLOUGH LOOKING AT A DIAL ON THE CONSOLE)

TURLOUGH: Doctor, we're weaving in time.

THE DOCTOR: I know.

(THE DOCTOR DUCKS DOWN UNDER THE CONSOLE AND WRENCHES A PANEL FROM THE PEDESTAL.

TEGAN IS FEELING A LITTLE SICK FROM THE BUFFETING)

TEGAN: Can't we materialise?

TURLOUGH: Not until we're free of the Time Corridor. We'll risk breaking up.

TEGAN: (TO THE DOCTOR) Is that true?

THE DOCTOR: Not if I have anything to do with it.

(THE TARDIS GIVES A MASSIVE LURCH AND TEGAN AND TURLOUGH ARE AGAIN THROWN ACROSS THE ROOM.

SUDDENLY THE CLOISTER BELL STARTS TO RING WITH ALL THE OMINOUS MENACE ITS MESSAGE ENTAILS)

TEGAN: Oh, no!

6. INT. WAREHOUSE. TIME CORRIDOR LEVEL. DARK.

(STIEN AND GALLOWAY SLOWLY EMERGE FROM THE STAIRWAY AND CAUTIOUSLY LOOK AROUND.

ALL IS QUIET, ALTHOUGH THE ATMOSPHERE IS VERY EERIE.

THE WAREHOUSE HAS LONG CEASED TO BE USED FOR THE FUNCTION IT WAS BUILT.

SCATTERED AROUND THE FLOOR ARE PILES OF RUBBISH, BOXES, RUBBLE, DEBRIS OF ALL SORTS.

CERTAINLY SUFFICIENT BITS AND PIECES TO OFFER SUITABLE COVER FOR THE BATTLES THAT OCCUR LATER.

STIEN AND GALLOWAY ENTER THE MAIN BODY OF THE ROOM AND QUICKLY TAKE COVER BEHIND A PILE OF BOXES)

GALLOWAY: They've gone.

7. INT. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM.

(THE DOCTOR CLAMBERS OUT FROM BENEATH THE CONSOLE.

TEGAN AND TURLOUGH ARE AT THE CONSOLE.

THE CLOISTER BELL STILL CHIMES ITS NOTE OF DOOM)

THE DOCTOR: That might do it. I've disconnected the safety over-rides.

TEGAN: How will that help?

THE DOCTOR: I can now divert maximum power through the engines.

TURLOUGH: What if they mis-phase?

THE DOCTOR: (GRAVELY) The destruction of the Tardis.

8. INT. WAREHOUSE. TIME CORRIDOR LEVEL. DARK.

(THEY WALK AROUND THE AREA TRYING TO RETRACE THEIR STEPS.

STIEN IS STILL VERY NERVOUS.

NEARBY ARE TWO TEA CHESTS ABOUT SIX FEET APART.

ALTHOUGH THEY LOOK INNOCENT IN THEMSELVES, THEY DO, AS WE SEE LATER, MARK THE ENTRANCE TO THE TIME CORRIDOR)

STIEN: They could have closed the Time Corridor down. Come on, let's go.

(GALLOWAY IGNORES STIEN AND POINTS IN THE GENERAL DIRECTION OF THE TEA CHESTS)

GALLOWAY: We came from that direction.

(GALLOWAY WALKS TOWARDS THE TEA CHESTS.

STIEN LOOKS
AT THE TEA
CHEST AREA)

STIEN: There's nothing there now.

(GALLOWAY
PAUSES A
FOOT OR
TWO FROM
THE TEA CHESTS)

GALLOWAY: There is.
I can sense it.

(IN THE DISTANCE
THERE IS A SLIGHT
NOISE, AS THOUGH
A BOOT HAS BEEN
SCUFFED ALONG THE
FLOOR)

STIEN: What was that?

(GALLOWAY LISTENS
FOR A MOMENT.

SILENCE)

GALLOWAY: A rodent.

(GALLOWAY PICKS
UP A PIECE OF
GASH WOOD)

STIEN: Wearing combat boots?

(THERE IS A
MUCH LOUDER
NOISE - A
BOX HAS BEEN
KNOCKED OVER)

GALLOWAY: Back to the stairs - quickly!

(STIEN OBEYS, COVERING THE DISTANCE IN DOUBLE QUICK TIME.

GALLOWAY'S EYES DART ABOUT THE AREA AS HE BACKS TOWARDS THE STAIRS, HOLDING THE PIECE OF WOOD IN FRONT OF HIM LIKE A CLUB.

STIEN PAUSES AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS)

STIEN: Can you see anything?

GALLOWAY: Get out of here!

(STIEN STARTS TO DESCEND THE STAIRS.

AS HE DOES A FIGURE STEPS FROM BEHIND A PILE OF RUBBISH AT THE END OF THE AREA)

9. INT. STAIRCASE IN WAREHOUSE. DARK.

(STIEN'S
UNGAINLY
SHAPE
STUMBLES
DOWN THE
STEPS.

SUDDENLY WE
HEAR THE DULL
THUD OF A
MACHINE PISTOL
BEING FIRED.

IT SOUNDS AS
DREADFUL AS IT
DID IN THE STREET
EARLIER.

STIEN PAUSES,
HIGHLY AGITATED
BY WHAT HE'S HEARD)

STIEN: (TENTIVELY) Galloway ...? Galloway ...?

(THERE IS A
PAUSE AS THE
REALISATION
OF WHAT HAS
HAPPENED SINKS
IN.

STIEN, BESIDE
HIMSELF, ROARS)

Galloway!

10. INT. WAREHOUSE. TIME CORRIDOR LEVEL. DARK.

(SPRAWLED ON THE FLOOR IS THE DEAD SHAPE OF GALLOWAY.

AT THE FAR END OF THE WAREHOUSE AREA, STANDS THE DARK SHAPE OF ONE OF LYTTON'S TROOPERS)

11. INT. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM.

(GENTLE
BUFFETING
OF THE TARDIS
CONTINUES.

TEGAN AND
TURLOUGH
STAND TOGETHER
LOOKING TOWARDS
THE DOCTOR,
WHO IS STUDYING
A DIAL WITH
CONCENTRATED
INTEREST.

THE ATMOSPHERE
IS VERY TENSE)

TEGAN: Now what are we waiting for?

THE DOCTOR: The right moment.

(THE DOCTOR LOOKS
UP AND SEES
TEGAN'S DISTRESSED
STATE)

The time stress on the Tardis varies greatly. I'm waiting for the right moment to break out of the Time Corridor.

TEGAN: Could I go to my room? I feel sick.

THE DOCTOR: (NODS) Be quick, though. (cont ...)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) Too late, Tegan! Hold on to something.

(THE DOCTOR OPERATES A SWITCH AND THE NOISE FROM THE TARDIS ENGINES IS DEAFENING.

SUDDENLY THE FLOOR OF THE TARDIS IS AT FORTY-FIVE DEGREES, THE DOCTOR AND TURLOUGH CLINGING TO THE CONSOLE.

TEGAN IS THROWN ACROSS THE ROOM AND INTO THE CONSOLE.

THE SCENE DISTORTS AS THOUGH FROM A MASSIVE "G" FORCE)

(DISTORTED VOICE) Hold on.

12. INT. SPACE SHIP. BRIDGE.

(THE BRIDGE IS VERY MUCH LIKE THAT OF A TWENTIETH CENTURY BOMBER - A TIGHT, CONFINED AREA, EVERY INCH OF THE WALLS PACKED WITH INSTRUMENTS, CABLES, CONTROL BOXES OF ALL SORTS.

IN FACT, THE ONLY CLEAR SPACE ON THE WALL IS THAT OF A LARGE MONITOR.

THERE ARE NO SEATS - AS THIS IS A DALEK SHIP - AND THE LIGHTING IS DIM.

AS WITH EVERYTHING ABOUT THE SHIP, THERE IS NOTHING FUSSY - EVERYTHING IS FUNCTIONAL.

THE FLOOR SPACE IS SMALL, ALLOWING FOR ONLY THREE DALEKS.

AS WITH THE INSTRUMENTATION, NOTHING SEEMS TO BE DESIGNED FOR USE BY HANDS, BUT THE SUCKER DEVICE OF A DALEK.

TWO TROOPERS
HAVE JUST
FINISHED
THEIR CHECK
LISTS.

FIRST TROOPER
CROSSES TO
LYTTON.

LYTTON IS
STANDING IN
FRONT OF THE
MONITOR, ON
WHICH WE SEE
A STAR FIELD)

FIRST TROOPER: Check lists completed. All systems functioning.

(THE TWO
TROOPERS
ABANDON
THEIR
CLIPBOARDS
AND TAKE UP
POSITIONS AT
CONSOLES IN
VARIOUS PARTS
OF THE ROOM)

LYTTON: Raise the force shield.

(A TROOPER
OPERATES
A DISC ON
A CONSOLE)

All troopers to battle stations.

(A TROOPER
OPERATES A
DISC AND LOUD
PIERCING KLAXON
SOUNDS THROUGHOUT
THE SHIP)

13. INT. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM.

(AS BEFORE.

THE IMAGE OF THE DOCTOR, TEGAN AND TURLOUGH IS STILL DISTORTED.

THE DOCTOR IS STILL STRUGGLING WITH THE CONSOLE.

THE ROAR OF THE TARDIS ENGINES IS STILL DEAFENING)

TEGAN: (DISTORTED VOICE) Doctor ... I can't stand much more.

(THE DOCTOR PRESSES ONE MORE BUTTON AND THERE IS A SUDDEN JOLT AND THE TARDIS IS FREE OF THE TIME CORRIDOR.

TEGAN AND TURLOUGH COLLAPSE, THE DISTORTION GONE)

THE DOCTOR: We're free.

(BUT TEGAN AND TURLOUGH AREN'T MUCH INTERESTED.

THE DOCTOR FIDDLES WITH MORE SWITCHES AND THE NOISE OF THE ENGINES SUBSIDES)

TURLOUGH: Is it over?

THE DOCTOR: For the moment. Are you all right?

(TEGAN AND
TURLOUGH
SIT UP)

TEGAN: I think so.

14. INT. SPACE SHIP. BRIDGE.

(AS BEFORE.

LYTTON
OPERATES
A SWITCH
AND THE
LIGHTING
ON THE
BRIDGE GOES
TO AN EERIE
RED)

FIRST TROOPER: Ship on stand-by alert.

LYTTON: Go to full alert.

(FIRST
TROOPER
OPERATES
A DISC AND
A LOUD WAILING
SOUND IS HEARD
THROUGHOUT THE
SHIP)

(SMILES RATHER NASTILY)
Battle speed!

15. SPACE. (MODEL SHOT)

(IN DEEP
SPACE
HANGS A
SPACE
STATION.

IT IS
SMALL AND
COMPACT.

THE STATION'S
FUNCTION IS
THAT OF A
PRISON.

IT IS AN
OPPRESSIVE
PLACE, WITH
MUCH THE
SAME AIR OF
GLOOM PERVADED
BY SOME OF OUR
OWN VICTORIAN
PRISONS.

WHETHER PRISONER
OR WARDER, IT
ISN'T A FUN PLACE
TO BE)

16. INT. SPACE STATION CORRIDOR.

(THE YEAR
IS 4590 AD.

THERE IS A
FEELING OF
NEGLECT ABOUT
THE INTERIOR
OF THE SPACE
STATION, AS
THOUGH ITS
CREW HAVE
GIVEN UP
CARING.

CORRIDORS ARE
LITTERED WITH
THINGS THAT
BELONG IN
STORE ROOMS.

LIGHTS ARE IN
NEED OF REPAIR.

AUTOMATIC DOORS
ARE UNRELIABLE.

INSPECTION PANELS
HAVE BEEN REMOVED
AND NOT REPLACED.

CABLES THAT HAD
ONCE BEEN NEATLY
RACKED HAND AND
DROOP FROM THEIR
SUPPORTS.

STYLES AND MERCER
ENTER THE CORRIDOR,
WALKING BRISKLY.

STYLES IS A DOCTOR
OF MEDICINE, A
COMPETENT, CAPABLE
WOMAN IN HER
EARLY FORTIES, WITH
A VERY SHARP TONGUE.

MERCER IS HEAD
OF SECURITY.

HE IS NEW TO
THE STATION
AND HAS YET TO
BE CRUSHED BY
THE GENERAL
APATHY.

HE IS IN HIS
LATE TWENTIES,
A KEEN,
INTELLIGENT MAN
WHO ON OCCASIONS,
IS INCLINED TO
BECOME A LITTLE
PRIGGISH AND
POMPOUS.

ALL MEMBERS OF
THE SPACE STATION
CREW WEAR TAILORED
BOILER SUITS.

RANK IS
DISTINGUISHED
BY COLOUR AND
A MINIMUM AMOUNT
OF GOLD BRAID.

E.G. OFFICERS
WEAR BLUE,
CREWMEMBERS
GREY, MEDICAL
STAFF WHITE ETC.)

MERCER: How long has the station been in this state?

STYLES: Since regular inspection ceased.

MERCER: It's falling to pieces.

(THEY STOP AT THE
DOOR TO STYLE'S
LABORATORY)

STYLES: And you're seeing it on a good day.

(STYLES OPERATES THE DOOR OPENING MECHANISM AND THEY PASS INTO:)

17. INT. SPACE STATION. LABORATORY.

(STYLES AND
MERCER ENTER.

THE LABORATORY
IS LARGE AND
SPACIOUS AND
FULL OF COMPLICATED
GLASSWARE AND
INSTRUMENTS.

FOR A LABORATORY
IT IS NEAT AND
TIDY.

ON THE WALL IS
A LARGE MONITOR.

ON A BENCH IS
A LARGE GAS
TIGHT CABINET
WITH ACCESS VIA
GLOVED HAND HOLES.

THE MONITOR AND
GAS CABINET ARE
THE ONLY TWO
THINGS THAT WILL
FEATURE IN THE
STORY.

STYLES CROSSES
TO HER WORKBENCH
AND SITS DOWN)

MERCER: How do you cope with it?

STYLES: By ignoring it. My only concern on this station is the medical welfare of the crew and prisoner.

MERCER: That's rather a narrow view of your responsibility.

STYLES: Don't get pompous, Lieutenant. It's the only way to stay sane. You've been here three days. You know nothing.

MERCER: I've been here long enough to learn that the morale on this station is appalling.

STYLES: And the captain will have it no other way.

MERCER: Why do you put up with it?

STYLES: Because my tour of duty finishes in eight weeks time.

MERCER: (STIFFLY) I see.

STYLES: So don't involve me in any plans you may have. I don't care about this place any more.

(MERCER LOOKS HAUGHTILY AT STYLES)

And stop pestering. Otherwise you'll finish up like the others.

MERCER: Meaning?

STYLES: Dead. You're the third security officer we've had in four years.

18. INT. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM.

(THE DOCTOR SCRAMBLES FROM BENEATH THE CONSOLE.

TURLOUGH EXAMINES A DIAL.

TEGAN IS PUTTING TOOLS BACK INTO THE TOOLBOX)

TURLOUGH: Doctor.

(THE DOCTOR CROSSES TO HIM)

Look at our course. We're travelling parallel to the Time Corridor.

TEGAN: Where are we going?

(TURLOUGH EXAMINES A DIAL)

TURLOUGH: Twentieth century Earth.

TEGAN: Aren't you in control of the Tardis?

THE DOCTOR: Not quite. But nothing to worry about. It's just the side effects of Time Weave.

TEGAN: That's great. Where will we materialise?

THE DOCTOR: I'm not sure.

TEGAN: That's what I feared.

19. INT. SPACE STATION. BRIDGE.

(UNLIKE THE DALEK BRIDGE, THE SPACE STATION BRIDGE IS MUCH MORE COMFORTABLE AND SPACIOUS.

MERCER IS SEATED IN THE CAPTAIN'S CHAIR.

SEATED NEXT TO HIM IS OSBORN, THE COMMUNICATION'S OFFICER.

SHE IS AN ATTRACTIVE MATTER-OF-FACT WOMAN IN HER EARLY THIRTIES.

PLUGGED INTO HER EAR IS A LISTENING DEVICE THROUGH WHICH SHE IS IN RADIO CONTACT WITH THE WHOLE STATION.

TWO CREWMEMBERS ARE SEATED AT CONSOLES BEHIND MERCER.

THE ATMOSPHERE IS ONE OF BOREDOM)

OSBORN: How long is your tour of duty?

MERCER: Two years.

OSBORN: The captain usually allows new officers to settle in before subjecting them to the tedium of officer of the watch duties. What did you do?

MERCER: I complained.

OSBORN: (SMILES) Someone should have warned you.

MERCER: But I had every right. Have you seen the state of the defence system.

OSBORN: (WITH MOCK CONCERN) You fear an attack?

MERCER: That's not the point.

OSBORN: I wouldn't worry. The only ship we ever see is our supply vessel.

FIRST CREWMEMBER: You may have spoken too soon. Sensors have picked up a ship in warp drive.

MERCER: Inform the captain.

OSBORN: Slow down. I wouldn't bother him. Not yet. It could be anything. Let the fighters check it out, first.

TELECINE 3:

Ext. Wapping High Street. Day.

On a walkway connecting two warehouses, we see STIEN.

He is crouching down, a cold and miserable figure.

Suddenly a plain fifteen cwt van screeches to halt outside the Time Corridor warehouse.

From STIEN'S POV, we see COLONEL ARCHER, PROFESSOR LAIRD, SERGEANT CALDER and TWO SOLDIERS quickly jump from the back of the van.

(All the SOLDIERS are dressed in combat uniforms, ARCHER and CALDER, wearing side arms; the TWO SOLDIERS carry current military rifles.

PROFESSOR LAIRD is wearing dungarees and a duffle coat)

While the OTHERS run into the warehouse, SERGEANT CALDER closes the van doors and then bangs on them indicating the van should pull away.

This it does, as quickly as possible, tyres screeching on the cobbles.

CALDER then runs
into the warehouse.

CU STEIN. He
is puzzled.

TELECINE 4:

Ext. Wapping Pierhead.
Day.

In the distance, we see the Tower of London in all its Victorian splendour.

Suddenly the Tardis materialises.

20. INT. SPACE SHIP. BRIDGE. RED.

(AS BEFORE, EXCEPT THAT LYTTON IS NOW STARING AT A SMALL RADAR SCREEN)

FIRST TROOPER: The space station must know we're here.

LYTTON: Are you so eager to fight?

FIRST TROOPER: It all seems too easy. They haven't even raised their deflector shield.

(LYTTON STEPS BACK FROM THE RADAR SCREEN)

LYTTON: No, but they've launched their fighters.

(TO OTHER TROOPERS)

Stand by. When in range. Shoot them down.

FIRST TROOPER: That will confirm we're hostile.

LYTTON: Of course. I'm not interested in their peaceful surrender. I want to fight. I want blood!

21. INT. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM.

(THE DOCTOR, TEGAN AND TURLOUGH ARE GATHERED AROUND THE CONSOLE.

THE DOCTOR IS EXAMINING SOME DIALS AND OPERATING THE OCCASIONAL SWITCH)

THE DOCTOR: (TO TURLOUGH) Have you calculated where we are?

TURLOUGH: The instruments are still affected by turbulence, but I think it's 1983.

22. INT. SPACE STATION. BRIDGE.

(AS BEFORE, ALTHOUGH MERCER HAS BECOME MORE TENSE)

OSBORN: Fighter-leader has made visual contact. It's a battle cruiser.

MERCER: Go tored-alert. Inform the captain.

FIRST CREWMAN: (URGENTLY) Sensors report we're being scanned, sir.

MERCER: Red-alert at once!

(OSBORN PRESSES A SWITCH AND LOUD KLAXON STARTS SCREAM)

23. INT. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM.

(THE DOCTOR IS STILL WORKING ON HIS CALCULATIONS)

THE DOCTOR: That's it!

TURLOUGH: You've located the Time Corridor?

THE DOCTOR: Come on. It isn't far.

(THE DOCTOR CROSSES TO THE COAT RACK, REMOVES HIS HAT AND THEN OPERATES THE DOOR OPENING MECHANISM)

TEGAN: You want us to come too?

THE DOCTOR: Of course.

(HE EXITS)

TEGAN: He implied earlier there was danger.

TURLOUGH: Then we'd better hurry. We wouldn't want the Doctor to get hurt.

TEGAN: Wouldn't we?

(THEY EXIT)

24. INT. SPACE STATION. BRIDGE.

(THE BRIDGE IS FULL OF ACTIVITY AS THE CREW PREPARE FOR BATTLE)

MERCER: Operate the deflector shield.

(FIRST CREWMAN OPERATES A SWITCH)

FIRST CREWMAN: Power building.

MERCER: Seal airlocks.

(FIRST CREWMAN OPERATES ANOTHER SWITCH)

OSBORN: The battle cruiser has fired on the fighters.

MERCER: Can we give them any supporting fire?

OSBORN: (SHAKES HEAD) Out of range.

FIRST CREWMAN: All but air-lock three sealed.

MERCER: Alert maintenance.

(SUDDENLY THERE IS A LOUD EXPLOSION CAUSING THE SPACE STATION TO LURCH AND THE LIGHTS TO GO OUT)

FIRST CREWMAN: We've been hit! A Missile from the cruiser.

MERCER: Damage report. (TO OSBORN) Why didn't the sensors register it?

OSBORN: I don't know, sir.

TELECINE 5:

Ext. Wapping High Street. Day.

THE DOCTOR, TEGAN and TURLOUGH walk briskly along.

Apart from the trio, the street is strangely quiet and deserted.

TEGAN looks about at the tall, looming, bleak building.

We see her POV.

TEGAN: I find it spooky.

TURLOUGH: (TO DOCTOR) Why a Time Corridor connection to the east end of London, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: Think about it. A deserted building very close to the heart of the city.

TURLOUGH: An alien invasion?

THE DOCTOR: That's what I want to find out.

25. INT. SPACE STATION. BRIDGE. DARK.

(EMERGENCY LIGHTING HAS COME ON, BUT IT IS STILL VERY GLOOMY)

OSBORN: We've lost radio contact with the fighters.

(MERCER LOOKS DISTRESSED)

FIRST CREWMAN: Engineering report extensive damage to our generating plant.

MERCER: What about auxillary?

FIRST CREWMAN: (INDICATES LIGHTS) We're getting all there is.

OSBORN: Cruiser is closing in, sir.

MERCER: Open fire.

FIRST CREWMAN: We can't. We don't have enough power for the laser cannons. We're defenceless!!

26. SPACE. (MODEL SHOT).

(THE DALEK SHIP
MOVES THROUGH
SPACE.

SUDDENLY A RED
BEAM SHOOTS OUT
FROM ITS BOW)

27. INT. SPACE STATION. BRIDGE. DARK.

(THE BRIDGE LURCHES AS THE DALEK SHIP CONTINUES TO POUND THE STATION)

MERCER: Close air-tight doors.

(FIRST CREWMAN OPERATES A SWITCH)

Have you informed Earth of the attack?

OSBORN: Sir.

FIRST CREWMAN: We should surrender.

MERCER: (SHARPLY) No! Not yet.

OSBORN: We don't even have a deflector shield.

(THE BRIDGE DOOR SLIDES OPEN AND STYLES ENTERS)

MERCER: I have no intention of just handing the prisoner over.

STYLES: (ANGRILY) How much longer is this slaughter to continue?

MERCER: Where's the Captain?

STYLES: Dead. Along with half the crew.

28. SPACE. (MODEL SHOT).

(THE DALEK SHIP
HOVERS CLOSE TO
THE BATTERED
SPACE STATION)

TELECINE 6:

Ext. Wapping High Street. Day.

STIEN is still on the connecting walk-way.

He turns as he hears voices.

STIENS POV: We see THE DOCTOR and COMPANIONS, some distance away, walking along the road.

STIEN withdraws into the warehouse opposite the one the SOLDIERS entered.

29. INT. SPACE STATION. BRIDGE. DARK.

(ON THE SCANNER-
SCREEN WE SEE
THE DALEK SHIP.

IT ALMOST FILLS
THE SCREEN)

STYLES: What are they doing?

MERCER: Preparing to dock.
(TO OSBORN) Which airlock?

(OSBORN LOOKS
TROUBLED)

OSBORN: Three. Maintenance team are still working on the shield.

MERCER: I want every available man down there, block the corridor.

(OSBORN STARTS
TO TALK INTO
THE RADIO)

STYLES: (SHARPLY) More killing?

MERCER: Your bile would be better directed against the enemy, doctor.

30. SPACE. (MODEL SHOT).

(THE DALEK SHIP
IS NOW VERY CLOSE
TO THE SPACE
STATION,
MANOEUVERING TO
DOCK)

31. INT. SPACE STATION. CORRIDOR BY AIRLOCK. DARK.

(THE MAINTENANCE TEAM WORK FRANTICALLY ON THE CONTROL MECHANISM WHICH OPERATES THE SHIELD.

WE SEE THAT THE SHIELD HAS ONLY LOWERED A COUPLE OF FEET.

PULL BACK TO SHOW OTHER CREW MEMBERS BUILDING A BARRIER OUT OF BOXES ETC.

THE FEELING SHOULD BE OF FRANTIC CONFUSION RATHER THAN ORDERED PREPARATION.

(Note: Only two of the crew members are dressed in full kit. The others are casually or informally dressed))

32. INT. SPACE STATION. BRIDGE. DARK.

(ON THE SCANNER-
SCREEN WE SEE
THE DALEK SHIP
MASSIVE AND
OVERWHELMING)

STYLES: How long before they dock?

MERCER: Three minutes. (TO OSBORN) Let me see the airlock.

(OSBORN OPERATES A
SWITCH AND WE SEE
THE CHAOS WE SAW
IN SCENE TWO)

I'd better go down there.

(MERCER REMOVES FROM
HIS POCKET A SMALL
PLASTIC CARD AND
HANDS IT TO OSBORN)

(QUIETLY) Should things not go well, destroy the prisoner.

(OSBORN LOOKS AT
THE CARD AND THEN
AT MERCER.

STYLES AND MERCER
CROSS TO THE DOOR)

Good luck.

(THEY EXIT)

TELECINE 7:

Ext. Wapping High Street. Day.

THE DOCTOR stands before the warehouse door the soldiers entered.

TEGAN and TURLOUGH stand to one side.

Cautiously, THE DOCTOR pushes open the door.

STIEN: (OOV) Wait!

The TRIO turn and see an exhausted STIEN crossing the road.

STIEN: Don't go in there ... Soldiers.

STIEN reaches THE DOCTOR.

STIEN: Other things ... Terrible things.

THE DOCTOR: What?

STIEN grips THE DOCTOR by his jacket lapels, then slowly slides to the floor. He has fainted.

TURLOUGH: What did he mean?

THE DOCTOR bends down and feels STIEN'S PULSE.

TEGAN: Look at the way he's dressed.

THE DOCTOR fingers STIEN'S TUNIC.

THE DOCTOR: He must have come down the Time Corridor.

33. INT. SPACE STATION. CORRIDOR BY AIRLOCK. DARK.

(MORE OF THE BARRICADE HAS BEEN BUILT, BUT THE GENERAL FEELING OF CHAOS STILL ABOUNDS.

MERCER AND STYLES ARRIVE DRESSED IN BATTLE KIT)

MERCER: Check how much longer the maintenance crew will be.

STYLES: Right.

(BUT BEFORE SHE CAN MOVE, THE STATION ECHOES WITH A LOUD METALIC BOOM.

THE DALEK SHIP HAS DOCKED)

MERCER: Take cover!

(CREW MEMBERS START TO SCRAMBLE TOWARDS THE BARRACADE)

TELECINE 8:

Ext. Wapping High Street. Day.

STIEN is propped up in a doorway, groggy, but coherent.

THE DOCTOR and TEGAN are next to him.

TURLOUGH is watching the street.

STIEN: I'm hungry. I haven't eaten since yesterday.

THE DOCTOR: Finish your story, then we'll see what we can do.

STIEN: There's little more to tell.

THE DOCTOR: Who's controlling the Time Corridor?

STIEN: I don't know. I only met the guards ... Do you have a cigarette?

THE DOCTOR shakes his head.

TEGAN: Where are you from?

STIEN: Earth ... 1995. But not all the prisoners come from the same period ... Are you sure you haven't got something to smoke?

THE DOCTOR: Rest for a moment.

THE DOCTOR stands up.

THE DOCTOR: (TO TURLOUGH) We're going in to the warehouse.

STIEN, helped by TEGAN, clambers to his feet as THE DOCTOR, followed by TURLOUGH, cross to the warehouse door.

STIEN: No! I told you: there are soldiers.

THE DOCTOR: Perhaps they can tell us what's going on.

THE DOCTOR pushes open the door.

34. INT. SPACE STATION. CORRIDOR BY AIRLOCK. DARK.

(MERCER, STYLES AND THE CREW MEMBERS WAIT SILENTLY BEHIND THEIR BARRICADE.

THE ATMOSPHERE IS VERY TENSE)

35. INT. SPACE STATION. BRIDGE. DARK.

(THE CREWMEMBERS WATCH THE SCANNER SCREEN.

ON IT WE SEE THE CORRIDOR AND MERCER AND HIS MEN WAITING.

OSBORN, NOT WANTING TO CAUSE ANY UNDUE PANIC, SURREPTITIOUSLY INSERTS THE PLASTIC CARD INTO A SLIT IN A SMALL BOX SET INTO THE CONSOLE.

SHE THEN PRESSES A COUPLE OF BUTTONS AND A SMALL PANEL SLIDES OPEN AND REVEALS A SWITCH.

OSBORN RELEASES THE SAFETY CATCH ON THE SWITCH AND THEN FURTIVELY GLANCES AROUND THE ROOM.

THE CREWMEMBERS ARE STILL WATCHING THE SCREEN)

36. INT. SPACE STATION. CORRIDOR BY AIRLOCK. DARK.

(AS BEFORE, EXCEPT THAT A CREWMEMBER, CLUTCHING A SMALL BOX WITH SWITCHES HAS JOINED MERCER)

MERCER: (QUIETLY) Wait until I give the order.

(THE WORDS ARE NO SOONER FROM HIS MOUTH THAN THE AIRLOCK EXPLODES.

IN THE RESULTING GAP WE SEE A PHALANX OF DALEKS IN ALL THEIR MENACING GLORY)

MERCER: Fire! (cont ...)

(THE CREWMEMBERS OPEN FIRE AS THE DALEKS START TO ADVANCE.

THE DALEKS RETURN FIRE AND TWO CREW-MEMBERS ARE DESTROYED.

BEHIND THE DALEKS WE SEE LYTTON'S TROOPERS.

FOR A MOMENT OR TWO THERE IS A HEAVY BARRAGE OF GUN FIRE FROM BOTH SIDES.

DALEKS ADVANCING ALL
THE TIME, CLOSING IN
ON THE BARRACADE)

MERCER: (cont) Now!

(THE CREWMEMBER WITH
THE DETONATION BOX
OPERATES ITS SWITCHES.

THERE IS AN ENORMOUS
EXPLOSION AND THE
LEADING DALEKS ARE
DESTROYED.

A RAGGED CHEER GOES
UP FROM THE CREW AS
THE REMAINING DALEKS
AND TROOPERS WITHDRAW.

THE TROOPERS ARE WEARING
PRESSURE SUITS AND
HELMETS, THE VISORS
OF WHICH ARE MADE
FROM CLOUDED PLASTIC,
OBSCURING THE FACE
OF THE WEARER.

THE IMAGE OF THE
TROOPERS IS VERY
MUCH TO SCARE)

37. INT. SPACE SHIP. BRIDGE. RED.

(LYTTON AND FIRST TROOPER STAND BEFORE THE SCANNER SCREEN)

LYTTON: Fools! I told them this would happen!

FIRST TROOPER: I'll order a second attack.

(THE DOOR OF THE BRIDGE SLIDES OPEN AND THE SUPREME DALEK, FLANKED BY A DALEK ESCORT, ENTERS)

SUPREME DALEK: Why has the attack stopped?

LYTTON: They mined the corridor. I did warn you.

SUPREME DALEK: I do not want excuses. The attack must continue.

LYTTON: Only as I originally planned.

FIRST DALEK: You will show more respect for the Supreme Dalek.

LYTTON: (EMPHATICALLY) A frontal attack won't work. Their position is too strong.

FIRST DALEK: A Dalek must lead the attacking force.

LYTTON: Not this time.

SUPREME DALEK: We must proceed. We will try your plan ... (TO LYTTON) But should you fail ... you will be exterminated.

38. INT. WAREHOUSE. TIME CORRIDOR LEVEL. VERY DARK.

(CAUTIOUSLY, THE DOCTOR, TEGAN AND TURLOUGH, LED BY STIEN ENTER.

THEY PAUSE, STARING INTO THE GLOOM.

THE FEELING IS VERY EERIE.

THE QUARTET MOVE FORWARD)

STIEN: I can't see Galloway's body.

(THE TWO TEA CHESTS COME INTO VIEW)

THE DOCTOR: Look around.

(THE PARTY SPLIT UP, TURLOUGH SEARCHING NEAR THE TEA CHESTS)

TEGAN: (OOV) Doctor. (cont ...)

(TURLOUGH TURNS AND STARTS TO CROSS TOWARDS TEGAN PASSING BETWEEN THE TEA-CHESTS.

AS HE DOES, HE FADES. HE HAS UNWITTINGLY ENTERED THE TIME CORRIDOR)

(THE CAMERA IS WITH TEGAN, THE DOCTOR AND STIEN)

TEGAN: (cont) (EXTENDING HER HAND) Look.

(SHE HOLDS UP SPENT SHELLS FROM A MACHINE PISTOL)

THE DOCTOR: Turlough.

(THE DOCTOR TURNS TO WHERE TURLOUGH WAS)

TEGAN: Where's he gone?

THE DOCTOR: Turlough.

39. INT. SPACE SHIP. RECEPTION AREA.

(TURLOUGH STANDS FRAMED IN THE ENTRANCE TO THE TIME CORRIDOR.

SLOWLY HE MOVES INTO THE BODY OF THE ROOM.

AS HE DOES, A PANEL CLOSES SEALING THE TIME CORRIDOR.

TURLOUGH RUSHES BACK TO THE DOOR.

PANIC STRICKEN, HE STRUGGLES TO FIND A WAY TO OPEN IT.

AS HE WORKS, HE HEARS VOICES IN THE CORRIDOR OUTSIDE.

AS THE DOOR OF THE RECEPTION AREA IS OPEN, TURLOUGH IS FORCED TO HIDE.

AS HE DOES, SEVERAL OF LYTTON'S TROOPERS RUN BY CARRYING STRANGE LOOKING CANISTERS)

40. INT. WAREHOUSE. ARTIFACT LEVEL. DARK.

(THIS LEVEL IS IMMEDIATELY BELOW THE TIME CORRIDOR FLOOR AND IS A SPACE EXACTLY OF THE SAME AREA AND DIMENSION.

THE ONLY DIFFERENCE IS THAT THERE ISN'T ANY RUBBISH AND THAT ONE END OF THE ROOM HAS A LARGE TARPAULIN SPREAD ACROSS ITS WIDTH.

(WE LATER LEARN THAT THIS COVERS THE EXCAVATION OF THE ALIEN ARTIFACTS).

A COUPLE OF FLOOD LIGHTS ATTEMPT, UNSUCCESSFULLY TO ILLUMINATE THE AREA.

FROM BEHIND THE TARPAULIN A MUCH BRIGHTER LIGHT SPILLS OUT.

THE SOUND OF THE DOCTOR AND TEGAN CALLING FOR TURLOUGH DRIFTS DOWN THE STAIRS.

COLONEL ARCHER APPEARS FROM BEHIND THE TARPAULIN.

HE IS A STOCKY, WELL-BUILT MAN IN HIS EARLY FORTIES)

ARCHER: Did you hear that?

(HE LISTENS. BUT IT IS NOW SILENT.

SERGEANT CALDER EMERGES FROM BEHIND THE TARPAULIN.

SERGEANT CALDER IS IN HIS EARLY THIRTIES, A TOUGH, DEPENDABLE SORT OF MAN)

CALDER: No, sir.

(CALDER AND ARCHER BOTH LISTEN FOR A MOMENT)

ARCHER: I thought I heard voices.

CALDER: It must have been outside.

(A LOUD BANG IS HEARD AS THOUGH A BOX HAS BEEN KNOCKED OVER.

THE TWO MEN EXCHANGE GLANCES)

41. INT. SPACE STATION. CORRIDOR BY AIRLOCK. DARK.

(MERCER AND THE CREW MEMBERS WAIT AS BEFORE.

THE DESTROYED DALEKS ARE STILL IN PLACE.

ALL IS QUIET, EVERYONE WAITING TO SEE WHAT WILL HAPPEN NEXT.

THERE IS A TENSE ATMOSPHERE)

STYLES: How long before they try again?

MERCER: Very soon.

STYLES: Can't we board. Take the fight to them.

MERCER: I think not. (cont ...)

(TWO TROOPERS START TO FIRE LASER RIFLES FROM EITHER SIDE OF THE AIRLOCK DOOR.

THE CREW MEMBERS RETURN FIRE. AS THEY DO, TWO MORE TROOPERS ADVANCE CARRYING CYLINDERS.

THEY QUICKLY COVER
THE DISTANCE TO
THE DESTROYED DALEK,
OPERATE A VALVE ON
THE CYLINDER AND
SLIDE THEM ALONG
THE FLOOR TOWARDS
THE CREW.

AS THE CYLINDERS SLIDE,
WE SEE THIN WISPS
OF SMOKE BEGINNING
TO EMERGE)

MERCER: (cont) Masks on!

(BUT APART FROM
STYLES, MERCER AND
TWO CREW MEMBERS,
THE OTHERS ARE
WITHOUT.

THE GAS IN THE
CYLINDER IMMEDIATELY
STARTS TO TAKE
EFFECT.

CREW MEMBERS START
TO COUGH AND SPLUTTER,
THEN COLLAPSE.

OTHERS BREAK COVER
IN THEIR PANIC.

AS THEY DO, TWO
DALEKS APPEAR IN
THE AIRLOCK AND
THE FINAL CARNAGE
BEGINS.

CHOKING, DYING,
COUGHING CREW
MEMBERS ARE BRUTALLY
SHOT DOWN)

Withdraw!

BUT IT'S TOO LATE
FOR THE MAJORITY
OF THE CREW.

RELUCTANTLY THE
SURVIVING QUARTET
RETREAT INTO THE
DEPTH OF THE
STATION.

AS THEY DO, TROOPERS
AND DALEKS POUR
INTO THE SPACE
STATION.

PULL BACK TO SHOW
ONE OF THE DEAD
CREW MEMBERS. THE
GAS HAS CAUSED HIM
TO DECAY RAPIDLY.
HE IS NOW A HORRIBLE
MESS)

42. INT. SPACE STATION. BRIDGE. DARK.

(THE BRIDGE IS
IN TURMOIL.

CREW MEMBERS FUMBLE
FOR MASKS, HELMETS,
WEAPONS ETC.)

MERCER: (OVER RADIO) We're finished. It's every man for himself.

(THIS ONLY ADDS
TO THE PANIC)

(O.O.V.) Destroy the prisoner.

(MERCER OPERATES
THE DESTRUCT SWITCH.

SUDDENLY AN ALARM
SOUNDS AND A LIGHT
ABOVE THE SWITCH
BEGINS TO FLASH)

OSBORN: (MUTTERS) Malfunction. (TO FIRST CREW MEMBER) Come with me.

(OSBORN SNATCHES
UP THE PLASTIC
CARD.

ON THE RUN, SHE
EXITS FOLLOWED
BY FIRST CREW
MEMBER)

43. INT. SPACE STATION. CORRIDOR. DARK.

(DEEP IN DARK SHADOW, THE PATHETIC QUARTET OF MERCER, STYLES AND TWO CREW MEMBERS ALMOST SEEM TO BE HUDDLING IN SHAME AND FEAR.

FROM THEIR P.O.V. WE SEE TROOPERS AND DALEK PASS THE END OF THE CORRIDOR)

44. INT. WAREHOUSE. TIME CORRIDOR LEVEL. DARK.

(ARCHER AND CALDER SILENTLY ENTER THE AREA.

THEY HAVE DRAWN THEIR SIDE ARMS.

FROM ARCHER AND CALDER'S P.O.V. WE SEE THE ROOM.

THE DOCTOR AND STIEN ARE IN VIEW SEARCHING AMONG THE RUBBISH.

ARCHER AND CALDER PAUSE)

ARCHER: May I help you, gentlemen?

(CALDER REMAINS BY THE STAIRS AS ARCHER MOVES TOWARDS THE DOCTOR)

This is private property.

(TEGAN, WHO WAS SEARCHING IN A HEAVILY SHADOWED CORNER, SLIPS BEHIND A BOX)

THE DOCTOR: Er, yes. A friend of mine wandered in here by mistake. We're looking for him.

(STIEN NODS, TOO
EAGERLY, IN
AGREEMENT.

ARCHER QUICKLY
GLANCES AROUND
THE ROOM)

ARCHER: I don't see him.

(PROFESSOR LAIRD
APPEARS AT THE
TOP OF THE STAIRS.

SHE IS A WOMAN
IN HER MID-FORTIES,
A KEEN, INTELLIGENT
ACADEMIC, BRIGHT
EYED AND INQUISITIVE)

LAIRD: What's going on?

ARCHER: Precisely what I'm trying to find out.

45. INT. SPACE STATION. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE PRISON ROOM. DARK.

(OSBORN AND FIRST CREW MEMBER RUSH INTO VIEW STOPPING AT A REINFORCED DOOR.

OSBORN INSERTS THE PLASTIC CARD INTO A CONTROL BOX NEXT TO THE DOOR AND TAPS OUT A SIX FIGURE CODE ON A SMALL KEYBOARD BUILT INTO THE BOX.

THERE IS A SMALL PAUSE AS THE COMPUTER PROCESSES THE INFORMATION IT HAS JUST BEEN GIVEN)

OSBORN: (MUTTERS) Come on! Come on!

46. INT. SPACE STATION. BRIDGE. DARK.

(CONFUSED CREW
MEMBERS MILL ABOUT,
UNCERTAIN WHAT TO
DO NEXT.

SUDDENLY THE
BRIDGE DOOR
SLIDES OPEN AND
DALEKS POUR IN
FIRING THEIR
GUNS.

A MOMENT LATER,
THE CREW MEMBERS
ARE DEAD)

47. INT. SPACE SHIP. BRIDGE. RED.

(LYTTON, FIRST TROOPER, SUPREME DALEK, FIRST DALEK, AND ANOTHER DALEK AS BEFORE.

ON THE SCANNER SCREEN WE SEE A VIEW OF THE SPACE STATION'S BRIDGE)

FIRST TROOPER: The bridge has been secured, sir.

LYTTON: Good.

(FIRST DALEK TURNS FROM A CONSOLE)

FIRST DALEK: The Doctor has been detained in the ware-house.

SUPREME DALEK: Despatch Daleks. He must be brought to our ship at once.

FIRST DALEK: I obey.

48. INT. SPACE STATION. PRISON AREA. DARK.

(THE PRISON AREA IS A BLEAK, MISERABLE PLACE.

APART FROM A SMALL AMOUNT OF MACHINERY, A SCANNER-SCREEN AND A SMALL CONSOLE, THE WALLS ARE BARE.

IN THE CENTRE OF THE AREA IS A LONG, THIN GLASS CONTAINER, MOUNTED ON A PEDESTAL, IN WHICH THE PRISONER IS SEALED.

OSBORN AND THE FIRST CREW MEMBER, THEIR MASKS REMOVED, LEVER OPEN THE PLASTIC COVER OF THE CONSOLE)

OSBORN: (MUTTERS) Does nothing work properly.

(SUDDENLY SHE PAUSES)

What's that smell?

FIRST CREW MEMBER: It can't be him.

OSBORN AND THE
FIRST CREW MEMBER
TURN AND LOOK UP
AT THE FACE OF
DAVROS, FROZEN
IN HIS TOMB.

ALTHOUGH INACTIVE,
HE SEEMS TO SNEER
AT THEM, HIS BLIND
EYES WATCHING
THEIR EVERY MOVE)

49. INT. WAREHOUSE. TIME CORRIDOR LEVEL. DARK.

(THE DOCTOR AND STIEN STAND TOGETHER, A SOLDIER EITHER SIDE OF THEM.

ARCHER AND CALDER BEFORE THEM.

LAIRD IS SEATED ON A BOX)

ARCHER: Time Corridors. Alien beings. Is that the best you can do?

THE DOCTOR: You may not believe me, but give us a minute or two more. The entrance to the Time Corridor is on this level. (LOOKS AROUND) - Somewhere.

ARCHER: (TO SOLDIERS, ANNOYED) Oh, take them away.

(THE SOLDIERS GRAB THE DOCTOR AND STIEN)

LAIRD: Have you forgotten what we've got on the floor below?

THE DOCTOR: What?

CALDER: (TO DOCTOR) Quiet.

THE DOCTOR: What have you discovered? (WILDLY) Alien objects?

(ARCHER AND LAIRD EXCHANGE AN AWKWARD GLANCE)

50. INT. SPACE SHIP. CORRIDOR.

(LYTTON AND FIRST TROOPER MAKE THEIR WAY ALONG THE CORRIDOR.

BOTH MEN ARE IN FULL COMBAT UNIFORM)

LYTTON: What's holding them up? They must find Davros. And soon.

(THEY LOWER THEIR MASKS AS THEY PASS THE RECEPTION AREA.

TURLOUGH POPS HIS HEAD ROUND THE DOOR OF THE RECEPTION AREA AND WATCHES THEM GO)

51. INT. SPACE STATION. PRISON AREA. DARK.

(A HAND OPERATES A SWITCH ON THE CONSOLE AND LIGHTS START TO FLICKER ON THE BASE OF DAVROS'S CASE.

A KLAXON ALSO STARTS TO SOUND.

PULL BACK TO SHOW OSBORN BY THE CONSOLE)

OSBORN: Explosive charges primed ... That smell's getting stronger.

FIRST CREWMAN: I ... I feel ill.

(OSBORN TURNS TO THE CREWMAN)

OSBORN: What's the matter ...

(FIRST CREWMAN HOLDS UP HIS HANDS AND WE SEE THEY HAVE STARTED TO DECAY)

Keep back.

(SHE DRAWS HER GUN)

FIRST CREWMAN: Help me.

(HE STARTS TO
MOVE TOWARDS
OSBORN)

OSBORN: Stay away. I can't help you.

(HE CONTINUES
TO ADVANCE)

FIRST CREWMAN: What's happening to me?

(OSBORN CLOSES
HER MASK.

FIRST CREWMAN
ON THE VERGE
OF PANIC)

Please help me!

52. INT. SPACE STATION. CORRIDOR. DARK.

(TWO DALEK TROOPERS MOVE ALONG THE CORRIDOR.

NEARBY THERE IS A BURST OF LASER FIRE.

THEY IMMEDIATELY MOVE OFF IN THE DIRECTION OF THE NOISE)

53. INT. SPACE STATION. PRISON AREA. DARK.

(THE FIRST CREW-MEMBER IS ON THE FLOOR, DEAD.

OSBORN STANDS CLOSE TO HIM, GUN IN HAND)

OSBORN: (WHISPERS) I'm sorry.

(SHE TURNS BACK TO THE CONSOLE.

AS SHE STARTS TO MOVE, THE TWO DALEK TROOPERS APPEAR AT THE DOOR.

OSBORN LEVELS HER LASER AND FIRES, KILLING THE FIRST.

THE SECOND RETURNS FIRE AND OSBORN IS SENT HURTLING ACROSS THE ROOM FROM THE BLAST.

SHE THEN COLLAPSES, DEAD.

THE DALEK TROOPER ENTERS AND CHECKS THAT OSBORN IS DEAD.

HE THEN LOOKS UP AT DAVROS.WHO ALMOST SEEMS TO BE SMILING)

54. INT. SPACE SHIP. RECEPTION AREA.

(TURLOUGH IS
FIDDLING WITH
THE CONTROLS AT
THE SIDE OF THE
ENTRANCE TO THE
TIME CORRIDOR.

A NOISE OUTSIDE
CAUSES HIM TO
LEAVE HIS TASK
AND HE RUNS TO
HIS HIDING PLACE
BEHIND THE CONSOLE.

HE IS NO SOONER
IN POSITION THEN
TWO DALEKS ENTER
AND CROSS TO THE
TIME CORRIDOR
ENTRANCE)

55. INT. SPACE STATION. PRISON AREA. DARK.

(FIRST TROOPER
SWITCHES OFF
THE DETONATOR)

FIRST TROOPER: Disarmed.

(LYTTON AND
SEVERAL TROOPERS
STAND BEFORE
DAVROS' GLASS
TOMB.

THEY STILL WEAR
THEIR MASKS)

LYTTON: The day is ours.
(TO TROOPERS) Release him.

56. INT. WAREHOUSE. TIME CORRIDOR LEVEL. DARK.

(WE SEE TEGAN LURKING IN THE SHADOWS.

NEXT TO HER ARE TWO BOXES PRECARIOUSLY BALANCED.

CALDER EMERGES INTO THE ROOM FROM THE STAIRWAY)

CALDER: There's heavy static. I can't get through to H.Q.

THE DOCTOR: Side effects of the Time Corridor.

ARCHER: Be quiet.

(SUDDENLY THERE IS A LOUD BANG AS THE BOXES NEXT TO TEGAN FALL OVER.

THE SOLDIERS TURN IN THE DIRECTION OF THE NOISE)

Who's there?

(TEGAN STEPS FROM THE SHADOWS.

THE TWO SOLDIERS MOVE FORWARD)

THE DOCTOR: Don't harm her. She's a friend.

TEGAN: Sorry, Doctor.

(SHE SMILES WEAKLY, THEN HER FACE TURNS TO HORROR)

Look!

(THEY TURN IN THE DIRECTION SHE IS POINTING.

BETWEEN THE TWO TEA CHESTS WE SEE TWO DALEKS FORMING INTO A SOLID SHAPE)

ARCHER: What are they?

THE DOCTOR: Daleks!

(THE DALEKS ARE NOW FULLY FORMED)

Take cover.

(THE DALEKS START TO MOVE FORWARD INTO THE WAREHOUSE, SCREAMING: 'EXTERMINATE! EXTERMINATE! EXTERMINATE!')

SUPOSE CAM End Titles:

FADE OUT